ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

ULTIMATE MARVEL NOW!

FIFFE
PINNA
WOODARD

011

ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

THE ULTIMATES are all knocked out and in the back of Taskmaster's van.

SERPENT SKULLS lieutenant Diamondback got caught, too.

To save Diamondback, her partner Sidewinder hotwired and stole Taskmaster's van.

Great time for Bombshell to show up and rejoin the team, right?

NO GODS, NO MASTERS PART 2

MICHEL FIFFE - WRITER
AMILCAR PINNA - PENCILS
AMILCAR PINNA, TERRY PALLOT, LORENZO RUGGIERO, LE BEAU UNDERWOOD - INKS
NOLAN WOODARD - COLOR ARTIST
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER
IDETTE WINECOOR - PRODUCTION DESIGNER
DAVID NAKAYAMA - COVER ARTIST
EMILY SHAW - EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA - SENIOR EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER DAN BUCKLEY - PUBLISHER ALAN FINE - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW. MARVEL.COM

A bunch of teenagers got together to fight crime. They have powers, too. Does that sound weird to you?

ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

How about being ambushed and thrown in the back of this van by a world-class assassin and speeding somewhere across 23rd St. in Manhattan?

You would think! But nope, not the weird part, either.

BLACK WIDOW
Spider powers.

SPIDER-MAN
Spider powers.

KITTY PRYDE
Phaser.

CLOAK AND DAGGER
Dark matter & light energy.

Diamondback
Ruthless gang leader (*Not* an Ultimate).

Don't blast the van, girl--if you hit it, we'll all be incinerated!

No, me playing the super hero, ***that's*** the weirdest part of this scenario.

TASKMASTER
World class assassin.

Except I'm not playing.

Then stop the van! I'm calling your bluff!

BOMBSHELL
Explosives.

RAP RAP RAP

Took a peek at the driver and are you kidding me? He looks like a *Serpent Skull!*

We put that gang away. Does that mean--?

Rachel, wake up already!

SIDEWINDER
Diamondback's partner.

I hear you, Sidewinder! Now *stop* the van!

Hey, Spidey, c'mere...I got something for you.

As long as it's not a kiss.

What, like the one you tried landing this morning? No, thanks.

You know what this means, right?

Uh, that you're good at getting out of tight spots?

That you owe me *your life.*

What I owe you is a thank you for freeing me.

So *thank you...*

SNAP

...but I gotta look after my own. You understand.

You #*@^&%!

KR-THUD

Okay...so that wasn't the most graceful landing ever--*so what?!*

Hold it right there, girly...

KRTCHCH

...don't you move--*eaaagh!*

You put this thing on cruise control or what?

Hey, hey, hey, put that--

--*away!*

KBLAMM

YRAAAGHR!

SHNk

You shot the driver?

Wasn't me!

Make room, guys. This isn't good.

SCREEECHCHCH

KRASH

Cloak! Teleport us!

I'm a little embarrassed to admit that I thought being part of a team was supposed to... I don't know...***mean*** something.

We had a chance, and I think we blew it.

We were caught up in madness, a buncha stupid rookies. Well, most of us.

Got you! I got you!

Don't want to relive Prom Night.

We were sorta just thrown to the wolves, trying to make sense of a world that kills the president, or destroys New Jersey...

SPLASHHHH

Or wipes out the world's heroes and villains in a tidal wave.

We're all probably still in shock from that, too...

And just because we're a bunch of kids...

...doesn't mean we're too young for survivor's guilt.

Taskmaster...

...gotta get Task--

Hey!

EAST RIVER.

When Poey got shot by the *Skulls* and I got taken hostage, nothing made sense.

Careful, Spidey, he'll use your own power against you.

But not if I--

THWIPP THWIPP THWIPP

Agh!

Being a teenage mini-cop seemed pointless. It was painful.

So I bailed. Checked out.

WOOOOOSHHH

Unfh-- not if I just set 'im up--

But now I'm back, and I'm still angry--

KUHBOOMMM

Me 'n' Cloak will knick him down.

An anger that's waiting to be aimed outward.

At anything.

CHUD

At anyone.

Diamondback.

Ahk! Hey, hey...stay cool, girl.

That drug you gave me, you knew I would still get to see and remember everything, huh? *Every little detail.*

You *knew.*

It wasn't *me* who pulled the trigger on your boyfriend.

You *knew* I would have to stand there and stare at what was left of Poey.

P-please, I--

Who will be there to watch over *your* body? If I were to blow a hole through your head, who would even show up to see?

WHO?!

...

Not even worth finding out.

We *do* mean something. We're super heroes. And that includes me.

FFZSHHH

MEANWHILE...

Shouldn't have taken out the guard.

SQSH

SQSH

Wound not healed yet.

Hopeless...

No...

Secretary won't be calling anyone anytime soon, either.

I hope she's not fatally...

I'm not thinking right.

Been days since I've eaten.

Or seen the sun.

Finally made it here, though.

What went wrong?

Why did I jump ship...to these fools?

Wasn't money...it was *power*.

Now I have nothing.

Except one more chance...

...to cut my losses.

CROSSBONES

Brock Rumlow, ex-Serpent Skulls leader, injured and incommunicado.

FWAM

DELADIER TOWER, UPTOWN.

Where've you been? I couldn't wait any longer so I've come to the source. I've come to get mine.

You're not looking so good, Jip. Inhaling an entire drug shipment not agreeing with you?

Brock!

Didn't think I'd survive our little encounter with *the Ultimates,* huh?

We've sent men--*erkgHKL*-- looking for you.

Jip...you promised me a seat in your "*master plan*," your ticket to Hydr--

I promised *nothing,* Brock. No one held a gun to your head to make you lead that gang.

You cost me millions of dollars. Remind me, why are you still alive?

Good-- question.

What the--

KRKRKHH

Should I remind you that it was *your* people--who bungled the shipment-- our shipment--the one I in--*HAK*-- inhaled? I applaud your checking in, Brock...

...but you really--*really* came at a bad time.

YAAHRGLGLKRK

Hih-hih-hih-hih

BRRAAAAAGHHHHH!

So *that's* the untested drug you wanted our gang to unleash?

EAST RIVER.

Did you think I just flipped out back at the church because I wasn't in a *good mood?*

I didn't know! You dropped out for a while, remember? You barely spoke to us!

We can talk about this later. Taskmaster's--

Why were you even *with* her?

She was trying to get the drop on me with *this* dork.

Who you calling a dork? And was that before or after you guys made out?

Now *do you* mind?! *I'm bleeding to death!*

AAAAHHK!

IRA-ZAH

There, it's cauterized.

How did we end up knocked out, under a bridge, and nearly drowned?!

I hate when that happens. But thank God for our insulated suits, huh?

Tandy, about the other night... I don't want to fight you any longer... I'm sorry.

Later, Ty. Let's talk things out later, okay?

And you-- Taskmaster-- what's your deal?

Roxxon's my deal, boy. You're their property.

You can pretend you're independent and all that, but you ***belong*** to Roxxon.

You were created on ***their*** watch, on ***their*** dime. They ***own you.*** I'm just here to collect.

"I read your dossiers. What, you're a Spider-Man clone, except you got to skip the awkward, adolescent part? Congratulations.

"You got bitten by a radioactive spider--owned by ***guess who***--and then you got all those awesome powers. I hope you sent them a thank you card at least.

BANK

"How about you? They hooked your mom up ***and*** you got the best part of it by ***not*** being in jail. Why are you even fighting this?

"As for you two, you got killed...***killed. Dead. DOA.*** But they brought you back. ***And*** they gave you powers. Why are you ***not*** kissing their butts?"

I don't know what led *you* to get involved with these people, Miss Pryde, but I wouldn't have minded turning a world heroine like yourself as a bonus.

You wouldn't even exist without them. What a load of ingrates.

Well, Roxxon still has that contract--and I'm still looking for work.

I'm a repo man.

Nothing personal.

Well, maybe just a little--

K-BOOM

What the--?!

...

Tell me we still have those "*giant*" pills Kitty used on Galactus.

We're going toe to toe with that thing. ***Let's go!***

Ecstasyyy--
pleeeeease
help--

You heard the man...help him--*HEY!*

Jip, drop us now!

KRUSHH

Aaaaah!

Whoa, *whoa!* I got you!

KRANCH

Wait, is that--*Crossbones?!*

We *literally* have bigger things to worry about.

Cloak, start transporting every civilian you see in that building!

On it.

OW!

Kitty, can you phase this thing up and away from here?

A fella of this size? That'll be tough and would require--*urk*--major concentration.

Crossbones, you're alive!

Just barely. Here, let me get you.

Ahem.

Let me guess. You're gonna try to escape, and I'm gonna try to not blast you. We had this discussion already, D.

SFX: SHKK

Not in the mood for quips.

POW

Yo, Crossbones. Mind cutting me loose real quick?

I'm not looking to get the gang back together or anything. I just wanna get the hell off this roof.

SHK

Thanks.

Good luck with that, but me?

I have some unfinished business to take care of.

CHK

You're seriously still trying to fight us? Come on, man, would it kill you to--

--AGHK!

THOOM

I'd love to stick around, but I know when I'm outgunned.

Nothing about a monster in the contract!

GAHH!

FWZT

Where are you going, pookie?

Sniper!

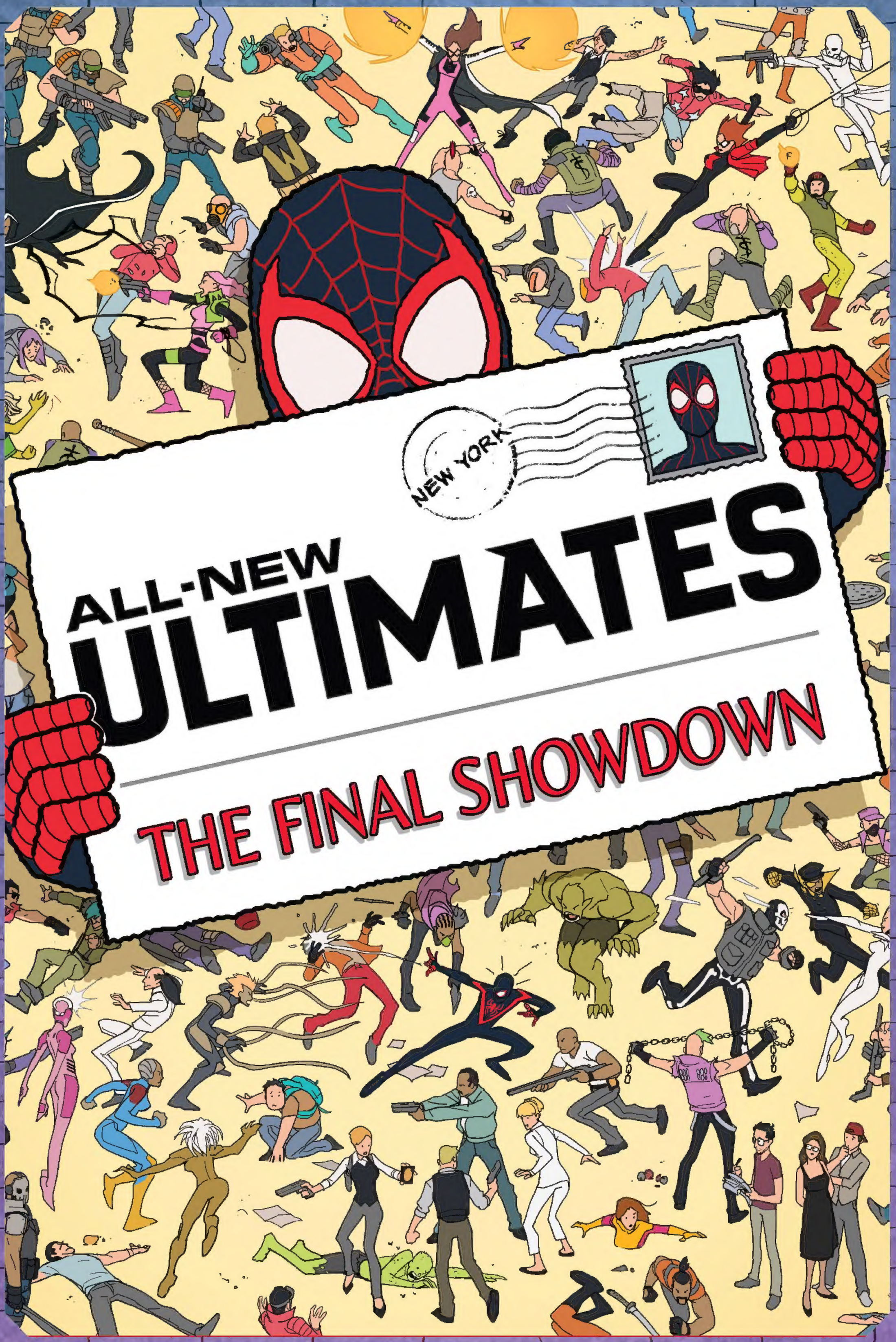
No. Not a sniper.

Did I say being a hero was weird? I take that back. I got nothin' on these guys.

TERROR INC. wants to have a word with *you* and everyone on this rooftop!

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:



BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH